dangerous as that of indulging in the society of a man she loved, without the right of loving him.

She reasoned with herself, that matters could go on as they always had done; no one need know that her regard for Max Raynor was anything more than the friendship which had so long existed. It would make her miserable to go away from Hillsdale, and see him no more, and she was not one to do right at such a sacrifice.

But Harriet was mistaken if she thought herself capable of concealing anything she felt, successfully, from so keen an observer as Max Raynor. No time elapsed, therefore, before some chance word, or look, or gesture of hers, came upon him like a revelation. He was bewildered, and yet thought it impossible he could have mistaken its meaning. And so he resolved to watch for a confirmation of his sudden suspicion.

This was all wrong, of course, but vanity will mislead a man, even when he possesses the safeguard of a strong and true attachment to such a wife as Susie Raynor. Max was far from being perfect, he was not insensible to flattery, and what flattery is sweeter or more subtle than the unguarded attachment of a girl one knows to be pretty, and amiable, and warm-hearted, and believes to be innocent? His wife was still the dearest earthly object—beloved, honored, cherished above all others; but then she had encouraged his attentions, his kind, brotherly attentions to Harriet Dean, and, of course, after all that had passed, she would not be made uncomfortable if he continued the same friendly intercourse. At any rate, he resolved to do so, until he ascertained if his suspicions were correct.

But in seeking to gratify his curiosity, he gradually found his feelings more and more interested. It needed no long time for Harriet fully to betray herself, and Max, still led on by his vanity, and the consciousness of an unsought triumph, had not the courage to depart in silence, and, by his firm and wise reserve, to end at once a connection so dangerous.

He yielded to the temptation, so far as to draw from the now frightened but imprudent girl an acknowledgment of her regard. And when, with her beautiful eyes overflowing with tears, and her whole attitude expressive of the despair she felt, she said that she would leave Hillsdale forever, and bury her unhappiness in some remote solitude, he was unwise enough to oppose so rational a resolution, and to persuade her that, conscious of her own rectitnde of intention, there could be no possible wrong in her remaining among the friends who loved her.

He had not rated too highly his influence over her. At these words her good resolutions vanished. It no longer seemed impossible to remain. She promised that she would do so, that in no way would she alter her daily conduct, and the promise was sealed with a kiss, that was yet lingering and burning on Max Raynor's lips when he sought his home.

A few wretched weeks passed. The necessity of secresy weighed heavily on Max Raynor, whose every thought, until then, had been open to his wife. More than once he resolved to release Harriet from her promise, and to advise, and even assist her to remove to another home. But at every sight of her pale face, and the evident struggles through which she was passing, his vanity would be rekindled. Nevertheless he avoided her society as much as was possible without exciting the observation of Susie, and tried to stifle his conscience with the thought that he was doing all that could possibly be required of him.

The two, meanwhile, partly unconscious of their danger, partly unwilling to acknowledge it, were standing upon the very verge of a precipice—to go forward was ruin, safety could only be found in retreat. Haply for them, Susie made, at this time, the discovery that, of all others, they most dreaded she should make; and Susie, in this, as in all other circumstances of her life, showed herself a wise, strong, and loving woman.

Harriet had been passing the day with her. They had been alone, for Max had been absent since morning, involved in some tedious law-case, and Harriet, too miserable for disguise, had displayed her wretchedness in every word and movement, through the long hours. When Max returned at evening she grew more cheerful, and as Susie departed for her nursery, she laughingly commended her friend to her husband's care, commanding him to prescribe, at once, for a fit of the "sullens."

What passed between the pair during her absence, she was wise enough never to ask; but coming down half an hour later, she saw, through the half open door which led to the next room, Harriet sobbing in her husband's arms, which encircled her as he sat beside her, and caught some murmured words that revealed to her the cause of her tears, and the purport of their conversation.

With wonderful self-possession she glided silently away, stood a moment in the hall, pressing her hand upon her wildly beating heart, and then, making some sound that gave the pair warning of her approach, she opened the door and entered.

Harriet lay upon the sofa, weeping still uncontrolably, but Max, looking perplexed and ashamed, stood leaning upon the mantel, and absently twirled some toy which he held in his hand. An expression of relief came over his features as Susie entered. He held out his hand to her, and when she went to him, put his arm about her as if he found safety in her presence. Susie read him well. She no longer doubted that his love for her was supreme, and, the momentary fear and anguish removed, her course lay plain before her.

She made no remark upon anything she saw. She soothed the weeping Harriet, ascribing her tears to her evident illness; and when she was ready to go home, Mrs. Raynor, on the same pretext, as well as Mr. Raynor, accompanied her. On her return Susie told her husband what she had seen, the simple truth, coupled with no reproaches and no suspicions, and asked him to explain it. He did so, confessing all without reserve, and assuring his wife that not for one moment had his heart wandered from her, even when his vanity led him to triumph in the evident attachment of Harriet. She believed him, because she knew him to be truthful, and had never thought that his love had grown cold. It was with a great pang that she saw him going down, ever so little, from the summit of her truest respect and regard, but she was conscious of human imperfections, and not without self-reproach, as she thought of how she had left him to an insidious temptation.

As a true friend she went also to Harriet. Her advice to leave Hillsdale was heeded, and a friend in the city, just then writing to offer Miss Dean a home in her family for the winter, she gladly accepted the invitation and departed. When she next returned to Hillsdale it was in company with her husband, a man as different from Max Raynor as could well be fouud; but as is wife h seemed fondly attached to him, it is at least safe and charitable to conclude that she had quite recovered from her former ill-starred and imprudent fancy.

Max Raynor had never held his wife in so high appreciation, never loved her better, or respected her more truly than when, by her wisdom and kindness, he found himself extricated from the dangerous predicament into which his vanity had led him. Every day convinced him that his heart had been untouched by Harriet—that it belonged alone to Susie—and never afterward, though in his future career of fame and honor his society was much sought by the wise and fair, did his affections, or so much as his fancy, wander from her whom he, as well as all who knew her, acknowledged to be a MODEL WIFE.

THE DONATION PARTY.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

In a little, quiet town, cradled amid the hills, and snug to nightly slumber by the never silent sea, has resided for many, many years, a family by the name of Marlow. When Mr. Marlow brought his young wife and her sisters to live in the two-story house under the hill, life looked pleasant and interesting enough to them all. They felt no sense of weariness, no sinking of heart. Not one foreshadowing of all the discouragements that were before them oppressed their spirits.

They were lively, industrious, hopeful. They owned their house; they had a little store and a fair business; they were starting well in life—what was to hinder them from going prosperously on? But ten years passed, and although the husband, wife and sisters had all been diligent, there was no perceptible increase in their riches, and in the brightness of their prospects. But they were all young yet, and didn't much concern themselves; time enough ahead for getting rich, and for getting married.

The house looked "spick and span"—it was newly painted. Many pretty new articles were added within. The garden was in its glory. Oh! what a place of wonders to the children was the house and the garden of Mr. Marlow. The store, too, was a marvel—everything so orderly and so pretty there—and Miss Margaret, the ruling genius of the place, making sale of her goods by her good-natured manner and pleasant smiles.

But ten other years passed away, and there had yet been no advance, but rather a retrograde movement.

"Why was it so?" the Marlows said, complainingly, when nobody in the world ever worked harder, or managed more prudently than they; and, besides, where there had never been any children to make expense, "what, in the name of sense, was the reason that they never could get a step ahead, more than if they worked in a tread-mill?" Nobody could answer the question.

The Marlows felt perplexed and troubled; but, after all, they were all in good health, they had a great many friends and acquaintances, and middle life had hardly passed yet. Perhaps there was still time enough to grow sufficiently rich to rest during old age. This now was the hight of their ambition. So, gathering up hope and courage, they went cheerfully on again. But ten years more, and then another ten, departed, and the Marlow family were far, far *below* the point at which they had started. They had worked hard all their lives, had managed closely, had denied themselves almost every relaxation, and had cheated themselves of sleep, and almost of needful food, and here they were, like horses who, after spending all their strength to draw up a load of stones from midway on a hill, find themselves at last at the hill's foot.

Their house had grown dark and old-looking; their garden was not what it once had been; their store was eclipsed by many more pretentious ones; their health had followed their youth. Mr. and Mrs. Marlow were greatly changed in looks. He was tormented, and, at times, rendered almost helpless, by rheumatism. She was thin and nervous, besides being most of the time low-spirited. The sisters had not passed untouched of time, though upon *them* he had not laid so heavy a hand. The merry, happy talk of future better times had long ceased to echo in the old house. Everything was neat and comfortable still—it could not have been otherwise under that regime—but all seemed to speak of disappointed hopes and of uncheered decline.

Over their kitchen fire the sisters would hover at night, and talk low, so that Marlow might not hear, and be pained, of all that had been hoped for and worked for, and had never been gained. They talked of the many, many who had started poorer than they, and who had, long years ago, ridden swiftly past them along the highway to fortune. Many they named who once looked up to them, and who then were always glad to visit them, who now dwelt in their elegant carpeted and pictured mansions, and swept in silks along the streets, but never seemed to remember now their ancient familiars. There was bitterness in the hearts, and tears in the eyes of the sisters, as they thus discoursed, for the magic spring of youth was broken in them, and they could see *no bright side* to being poor, forsaken and forgotten, in their advancing age.

"Forgotten!" there is always a bitterness in being forgotten of our kind; and when we feel deserted of those who were our friends, or appeared to be such, and who were loved by us, how intense is that bitterness.

And now, for several years, the family under the hill had been taking heavier and heavier to heart the unwelcome and discouraging thought that no one considered it of any consequence whether *they* were prosperous and happy, or unfortunate and miserable; in short, they felt that they were being forgotten.

But, as said one ever beloved, their heads were "full of what the apostle calls vain imaginations," and while they sat murmuring over the fire, all over the town there were people feeling kindly, and talking kindly of them. More than this, they were planning to give them a happy and *profitable* surprise. "They have done their secular duties as well as the best of us," said the people, "and only because fate was against them, they have not prospered as well as we. It is hard upon them. Let us give them a lift, and prove to them our sympathy in a way that would be agreeable to us had we been unfortunate."

And the thing was settled—there was to be a donation party for the Marlows.

But they must be got away from home upon some pretext; and it was foreseen that *that* would be no easy task, for Mr. M. loved home more than ever any domestic cat did. Not once in years did he make anybody a visit. But visit he must now, let the case be as it would. The good doctor undertook the effort; and by some unknown legerdemain he finally succeeded in getting the whole family over to his house to spend the evening.

Unfortunately for the surprise, Margaret had heardsome hint of what was going on, and she would give herself no rest until she heard the whole plan revealed. She, however, though almost bursting with the gratifying secret, managed to keep it from the knowledge of the other members of her family.

But when, during the evening, word came to the doctor's that he must go immediately to see what ailed a young girl who boarded with Mrs. Marlow, and when her brother and sister jumped up in alarm, and followed as fast as they could in the footsteps of the doctor, *she* guessed what the call meant, and that there was no reason for alarm in the case.

Meanwhile how busy hands, and feet, and tongues had been in the home of the Marlows. Men and women, youths and maidens, all came laden, and in high glee, to deposit their gifts. Wagons drove up, and barrels full of flour or meat were carried in. Wheelbarrows cast their loads into the yard, or the house—fires were set agoing, lamps and candles lighted, and tables spread. Poor old house! it thought it was surely bewitched, and that fairy times had returned upon the earth. When all had been brought, and while mirth was at its hight, the doctor and his guests arrived.

"What does this all mean?" asked Mr. Marlow, completely bewildered. Then, as the truth dawned upon him, he walked about, speaking, with trembling voice, his thanks to his friends, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, and his heart swelled with such sensations as it had never thought to know again.

Mrs. M. and Margaret flew hither and thither like girls of sixteen. They clapped their hands, they laughed, and they cried; and their joy and satisfaction delighted everybody who was in the house. It was a draw game—no one could tell, in that case, which had been most blessed, the giving or the receiving. It was a happy time for all, and the warmth and cheer of that evening will shine all the way to the end of the Marlow's journey.

Their bodies were benefitted by the gifts that were provided, but not half so much good was done them as their whilom downcast and lonesome hearts had received. It was as though there had been a resurrection, as indeed there had, of confidence, courage, and happiness.

But the evening waned, and the neighbors said good-night, and parted; leaving the Marlows to shut up house, and gather once more about the fire and talk—of *what*, think ye? Of how they were deserted and forgotten? Far other material for converse had they now; and they were no longer careful to speak low, "lest Marlow should hear and be pained."

God, the compassionate Father and Saviour of all, had been showing them, through this manifestation of neighborly kindness, how tenderly He remembered and cared for them—how He had seen and pitied the sadness and discouragement of their hearts, and how He could send comfort and help when it was least expected. He had spoken to their hearts in loving kindness; and now it rested with themselves to decide whether they would return that love, and for the future trust in Him.

BEATRICE GUIDING DANTE.

A Picture.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

And thou art come again in angel-guise
To him who lost thy worshiped loveliness?
In the wild, splendid darkness of his eyes,
Softening the shadows of their mournfulness,
There is a love and adoration blent,
Love for the earth's young beauty thou'st retained
And adoration for the glory sent,
With heaven's bewildering brightness all unstained
Around thee. Oh, how much undying grace
Is in thy light-robed form and sweet, *serene*, bright face.

Guide on—*he's worthy!* Lift the cloudy vails
That hide each empire in Eternity;
And tell thy poet lover angel-tales—
He will forget his wrongs and woes with *thee*.
Guide on—beguile from memory's cruel might
The impassioned softness of the Italian breast—
Kiss each slim shadow from his pale brow's light—
And—tell A MORTAL which one is most blest,
Sweet thing of love, the angel that thou art,
Or—*wert*—while shrined within the heaven of his high heart!

"BORN TO GOOD LUCK."

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

Harry Clare was a good-natured, generous, kindly-disposed fellow, who loved good cheer and easy life, and whose faults were of that open-hearted character which seldom meet with severe censure. When Harry was not Harry—that is, before his parents had given him a name—an old woman who claimed to be his god-mother, pronounced these mystic words over the future Harry: "THE CHILD IS BORN TO GOOD LUCK!" So deep an influence did this fair sooth have upon the minds of the simple parents, that they were led to regard Master Harry—when they had thus named him—as a wonder. A thousand little things occurred during his boyhood to confirm them in their conviction. He got wet, but didn't get cold. He fell from trees and high beams, and didn't get hurt. And at school he accomplished marvels.

The result of all this was, that Harry grew up with the same faith. He believed most firmly that he was born under the benign influence of a lucky planet, and that the world could not but go well with him. When he had done going to school, he learned the blacksmith's trade; and when he was able to work for himself he took a wife—took Susan Martin—gentle, pretty, loving, faithful Susan. Her parents objected to the match, because, they said, Harry had not energy enough to carry him through the world, with the care of a family upon his shoulders. But Susan loved him, and she became his wife.

"Didn't I know that I was born to good luck!" cried the happy Harry, a few days after he was married. "Haven't I got the best wife in town?"

"There isn't a better one in the country," replied the young man to whom he had spoken. "And I hope you'll appreciate her. Susan Martin might have had her pick from a dozen of the best youths of the village, and there's not one of them but that would have made her a good husband. See to it, Harry, that she never has occasion to regret the step she has taken."

"Of course she never can regret it," said the exultant husband. "We'll sail along with fair breezes all the time. I tell you I was born to good luck, and my fortunate star can't fail me."

His friend shook his head and walked away, and Harry went to his shop, where he found half-a-dozen customers waiting for him, and some of them growling because he had not been there before.

Five years passed away, and Harry had three children. One evening he entered his house, and found Susan with a cloud upon her brow. He asked her what was the matter.

"Shall I tell you the truth, Harry?" she said, trying to smile.

"Of course you must. So out with it."

"Then it is simply this: We are going behindhand."

"Behindhand?" repeated the husband. "What d'ye mean?"

"Why—your business is not attended to as it should be. You are forgetting your own interests."

"Pshaw! Don't you worry, Susan. Just wait until you see me make a haul. I made twenty dollars this very day on a horse trade."

"And how much did you make by your trade yesterday?"

"Why," returned Harry, hanging his head, "I lost something there. But I'll make it up. I was born to good luck, and I know that fortune can't desert me. Don't worry, Susan."

"But, Harry," said the wife, in a mild, persuasive tone, "you don't realize how much you are losing. If you would trust more to your own wit and judgment, instead of to your *luck*, as you call it, you might do better, even at trading in horses, and such stuff; but, believe me, you would do far better to stick to your shop, and do the work you would be sure to have there. Only see how much work now goes out of town, because you are not to be found at your forge when wanted."

"Let 'em carry their work out of town, if they want to," said Harry, rather petulantly. "I sha'n't worry. Just you wait until I strike a streak of luck."

"Believe me, Harry," the wife said, as she arose from her chair with her babe in her arms, "if ever you strike that '*streak of luck*,' as you are so often pleased to call it, you will strike it upon your anvil."

Susan went to put her child into its little bed, and Harry said, "Pooh!" and then took up a paper and began to read.

Harry knew that he was neglecting his regular business, but then he hoped for somethiug better. So firmly had the old faith in good luck become seated in his mind, that it had grown to be a part of his very existence. He felt sure that he should some day make a fortune, when people least expected it. He had heard of vast fortunes being made by mere strokes of luck, and why should not he, who was *born* to that end, fare as well? The result was, that his mind became distracted from his shop, and his customers were often forced to find another smith to do their work.

Harry traded watches, traded horses, dipped into petty speculations, and, in short, seized upon everything which presented itself, with a lucky side to it. At length a "streak" came. He drew a hundred dollars in a lottery. He went home with exultation in his countenance.

"It's commenced," he cried, as he chinked the gold before his wife.

"And you've drawn that in the lottery?" returned Susan, with a dubious look.

"Yes—a cool hundred."

"Will it pay your debts, Harry?"

"Eh? Debts?"

"Will it make up for the time you have lost?"

"But this is only the commencement, Susan. I've only just struck the streak. Wait awhile. My luck is coming. I tell you I was born to it, and it can't fail me."

"Ah, Harry," said the wife, with a sad shake of the head. "I fear this will prove the worst luck you have had yet. It is only an ignis fatuus that will lead you deeper into the mire than you have yet gone. Why not drop all such schemes at once, and go into your shop and stick to your business. It would be better for you in the end—it would be better for you now."

"What—leave my fortune just as I have found it?" exclaimed Harry, vehemently. "No, no. I had a dream—twice repeated—and that makes three times, you know—that I should have good luck in these kind of ventures; and I'm going to follow 'em up. Just you wait, my dear."

And Susan did wait. She waited until she suffered more than she would tell. She waited until the bloom was gone from her cheek, and the brightness from her eye. From morn till night she plied her needle without ceasing. Her children must have food and raiment, and she must furnish them. She plead with her husband, but he would not see. She pointed out to him how he was losing both business and friends, but he would only look to the future, whence his good luck was sure to come. So Susan was forced to look to the future also, and she prayed that it might bring relief.

For a whole year Harry Clare dabbled in lottery tickets, and at the end of that time he had lost nearly every penny he had been able to raise. He grew desperate, and resolved that he would make a heavy strike somewhere. "*Strike upon your anvil*," whispered a voice; but he would not listen to it. "I was born to good luck, and it must come, sooner or later," he said to himself; and then he tried to study up some new speculation. He was sitting all alone in his little office—a pen-like apartment in the back of his forge, where he kept his books—when two men entered the shop.

"This is too bad!" said one of them, whose name was Atherton, an extensive builder, as he saw that there was no fire upon the forge, and no workman in the shop. "We must have a new smith in the place. Here have I over five hundred dollars' worth of work that must be done the present season. There's all the forging for Grant's new mill, and the iron work for the upper bridge."

"There's one thing certain," replied the other, who was a contractor, and had some interest in the builder's work, "we shan't get anything done here."

"That's so," added Atherton. And with this the two men left the shop.

When Harry went home to supper he found his wife quite sick. She was pale and weak, and her head ached. In the evening he went out for the doctor, and when the man of medicine came he said that Susan was down with a severe fever.

"She must have got cold," suggested Harry.

"No. She must have overtasked herself," returned the doctor, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Both mind and body seem to have been worked too much."

For the first time Harry Clare felt a real, operative pang at his heart. He knew why Susan must have worked so hard, though he had not thought of it with any seriousness before.

But Harry's thoughts were not allowed to rest idle for the want of pricking. One evening, as he was wending his way homeward from the doctor's, where he had been to get some medicine, he noticed that a party of young men were walking in advance of him. He knew, by the sound of their voices, that they were friends of his, and he would have advanced and joined them had he not chanced to hear his own name pronounced. Curiosity to know what they had to say of him led him to approach them without being observed, and he heard their conversation distinctly.

"It's too bad," said one, in a feeling tone. "Harry Clare might do well if he would. Only look at that wife of his! This town never afforded a better one. See how the poor thing has scrubbed and slaved to support herself and family, while Harry has been waiting for that *luck* of his."

"That's so," rejoined another, who was the tailor in the village. "She has done more work for me within two years past than any other two women in the place; and within the past six months she has worked beyond all account. About all that she and her children have had for food and clothing must have been earned by her needle."

"It's a shame," resumed the first speaker. "Only a day or two after Harry was married I told him he had got as good a wife as there was in the country, and I hoped he'd appreciate her. He said, of course he should. But just see how it's come out. I got married about the same time, and went into business when he did,—and my trade isn't anywhere near so good as his,—yet I have bought a house and paid for it, and have something laid up beside. Why—if he'd only stuck to his business he might have been one of the most prosperous men in the town. But he thinks he was born to some good luck that'll come to him, one of these days, like a fairy's gift."

"Well," remarked a third person of the party, "he did have a stroke of good luck when he got Susan Martin for a wife; but he's never had one since."

"Unless," added the previous speaker, "we call the possession of that wife a *continuous* stroke of luck! But I'm afraid he won't keep her long. Alas, for poor Susan! Harry don't know what a jewel he is wearing away. He don't realize that when he got her for a wife he got a piece of good fortune that might have lasted during the longest lifetime, if he would only have taken his share of the trust and responsibility."

At this point Harry had to turn off from the main street, and in a few moments he was left to his own reflections. As soon as he was alone he stopped and gazed down upon the ground; and thus he stood for some minutes.

"I think I'm waking up!" he finally said. And then he walked quickly towards his house.

He found Susan much better, and the medicine which he had brought helped speedily to revive her. On the following day Harry went to see Mr. Atherton. He found that gentleman just entering his châise to ride away.

"I understand that you have some work, in my line, which you want done," said Harry.

"Well—what of it?" returned the builder.

"I should like to do it for you, sir."

"You, Mr. Clare?"

"Yes, sir."

"But I must have it done in time."

"If I take the job, sir, I'll do it as I promise." said Harry, promptly.

"But this is something new," replied Atherton, with surprise. "I thought you were born to some other kind of luck."

"Perhaps I was," answered Harry, readily; "but of that kind of luck I've had enough; and now I'm going to hammer out a luck for myself. Will you let me commence upon your work?"

"Yes, sir!" cried the builder, leaping from his chaise. "Here, John," he added, turning to his hired man, "you may put the horse up. I sha'n't want him. And now," he resumed, to Harry, "just come into the house, and w'll talk the matter over. I was all ready to start for Marlowe to get my work done there; so, you see, you didn't come a minute too soon."

The result of the conference was, that Harry was to do all the iron work Atherton might want, and he was assured that there would be eight hundred dollars' worth of it before the year was out.

One morning the people who lived near the blacksmith's shop were startled by the clang of the heavy hammer. It was but little past sunrise, and yet the blows upon the old anvil rang out clear and loud, and they saw black smoke rolling up from two of the chimneys. They went and peeped in at the door, and there they saw Harry Clare, with his stout arm bared to the shoulder, wielding his hammer with strange energy. A new man was at work at the second forge, and his two apprentices had something else to do than lounge about and cobble old horse-shoes.

Susan Clare sat in the great rocking-chair by the kitchen stove, for her old mother who had come to nurse her, said she was well enough for that. She gazed up at the clock, and wondered where her husband was. It was past seven, and supper had been ready some time. At length he came; but how differently he looked from what had been his wont some years past. His face was flushed; his eye was bright; his bosom swelled out with a hearty breath; and is step was heavy and emphatic, just as though it had a purpose. And then upon his shirt there was a grimy dirt, such as used to be there years agone; and when his gaze rested upon the table his countenance glowed as though he had a grateful appetite.

"What, Susan," he cried, as he saw his wife sitting there, "are you well enough for this?" And as he spoke he moved to her side and kissed her.

"I am getting better very fast," she replied.

"And you must get well as soon as you can, Susie; for I can't have you sick any more."

"She must get well so as to finish up those vests for the tailor," interrupted the old lady, with a spice of bitterness in her tone. Susan cast a reproachful, beseeching glance upon her mother, but the words had been spoken.

"No, no," said Harry, with a smile, "we'll have no more of that. I took those vests last evening and carried them all back to the tailor, and told him that my wife could work for him no more."

"But—Harry——"

"Stop," interrupted Harry, as his wife commenced to speak. "There's no more need of it, for I've struck my streak of luck at last. I knew I was born to good luck, and that I should find it sooner or later. I've found it?"

"Found it?" repeated Susan, trembling with hope and apprehension both.

"Yes—I've found it in my wife, and in my shop. I've been hammering it out all day. People have been staring with wonder to see Harry Clare ringing away upon his anvil at such a rate; and they may stare as much as they please. At all events, I can give them this assurance: If the sight is worth seeing, they shall see it, henceforth, at any time, while Harry has his health, and the sun's up! And now I am hungry, Susie. I'll eat supper, and then I'll tell you all about it."

And after supper was over, Harry sat down, and wound one arm about his wife's neck, and then told her all he had to tell; and when he had done this he asked her if she could forgive him for the past. She rested her head upon his bosom, and wept, and forgave, and blessed him.

And, day after day, the old clang sounded forth from the smith's shop. Great pieces of iron assumed strange forms beneath the persistent strokes of Harry's hammer, and, as he cast them, one after another, upon the rough floor, he muttered to himself—"There's another piece of good luck! I'll forge me out a fortune yet."

Susan was not long in getting well after her husband had made her so happy; and when she was plump and rosy once more, and the children could romp about the house without fear of tumbling up the carefully arranged packages that used to come from the tailor's, Harry took her upon his knee and kissed her, and wound his arms about her.

"Susie," he said, with fond enthusiasm, "didn't I always tell you that I was born to good luck? Only, ye see, I missed it for a while."

"But you've found it now," whispered Susan.

"Yes," cried Harry, "I've found it in a noble, loving wife, and in the firm, fixed purpose to walk right on in the path of duty. The crown of good luck is upon my brow, and, next to yourself, my beloved, its two brightest jewels—the two jewels without which the crown becomes but a mere load of dross—are, INDUSTRY and PERSEVERANCE!"